

Reconciliation

By Olive R. Barton

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Vivian McKellar sat in his own dining room alone smoking. The low dome of rich glass threw a warm yellow light over the linen and silver on the table.

He blew some smoke rings, which floated lazily into the dark shadow above him. Then he blew more, and they, too, thinned and faded. Turo was a long time coming.

Turo was the faithful Jap he had brought home with him when he was war correspondent. That was before he married Elise. And now they were alone again, he and the Jap, as they used to be, and Elise—Elise was back home as she used to be.

And Turo "valeted and buffed and chafed and chauffeured," as McKellar told his envious friends, with equal skill in all.

Turo had adored Elise, and much as he was devoted to his master he had pined since she left a month before to go back to her father's home. McKellar had sent Turo for a paper. He must have gone a distance to get it, he was so long away. The man went into the living-room, it looked emptier tonight than usual. The piano in the corner was closed—had been for a month. And he never failed to notice the empty spot beside the book rack where Elise used to lay her embroidery.

He flipped a dollar and watched it settle on the hearth. Tails! He would go to the opera. He had rather hoped it would be heads, for he preferred the club. That was what had started the trouble—but no use going over the old story. McKellar shrugged and stooped for the coin.

Something seemed to be wrong in the street. The apartment was on the first floor above the ground and he walked to the window.

A crowd stood around an automobile in front of the building and McKellar could make nothing out of the confusion. Then the sharp clang of an ambulance bell rang out on the night air and the crowd disappeared.

It was then he saw the prostrate form on the asphalt near the car. Suddenly the door of the living-room was flung open behind him. He turned and faced Elise, her face pale with terror. She gave him no time for word. Even as she spoke a policeman appeared in the hall beside her and touched her arm.

"Quick, Vivian, go down. I have run over Turo with my car. They want to take him to the hospital, but make them bring him up here, won't you?" Then turning to the officer of the law she said simply, "I am ready to go with you now."

Vivian had to let her go alone. The poor, crushed body of the little Jap required all his attention. He laid him tenderly on his own bed and sent for the best doctors he knew. Until they came he could not leave.

At last he was at liberty to go. But at the police station he was told that Elise had been allowed to go. Her father had signed the bond for her temporary freedom and taken her home.

McKellar turned wearily away. The feeling of relief at finding her free was overcome by the overwhelming sense of his uselessness to her. He was not needed. He never had been. Elise had a home as good, better than his, and her father was an all-round client protector. It was true, she did not need him.

He learned at the station that she was driving her car alone when it ran over the Jap. Why she was without a chauffeur he did not know. Then the feeling of uselessness returned. What if Turo should die? It would be unpleasant for her. The old feeling of responsibility, of wanting to protect her was strong in him.

He bowed to the inevitable, and when he opened his own door again he looked like an old man.

Tracks in the Snow

By DONALD ALLEN

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It was the first snow of the season, and therefore not much of a snow—just about enough to call out the cats and rabbits and encourage them to leave a million tracks on the white blanket.

When Miss Ida Benham looked from her window in the morning she uttered a long-drawn "O-h-h-h!" at the sight. When she got downstairs she "O-h-h-h!" again, and encouraged by the smile of Aunt Betty's hired man she clasped her hands and exclaimed:

"Oh, this is what I was waiting for!"

"Yes."

"To go rabbit hunting!"

"You'll get a million of 'em."

The first snow in the city is not like the first snow in the country. There is a difference in the white-ness, and when there are tracks in the back yard a city man must admit that they were made by tomtoms in stead of rabbits.

Miss Ida was eighteen, but had never seen a real rabbit track. Neither had she ever met a hired man. She had seen dog tracks and met gruff policemen in Central park.

"I shall put on my shortest skirt," she said to her aunt as they ate breakfast, "and my thick shoes and that old hat I brought along, and I shall hunt down as many as six rabbits."

"Bless you, child!" was the reply. "I may hunt for five miles around."

"So you may."

"I may not get back till dark."

"But don't get all tired out."

"My soul!" exclaimed the girl, as she jumped up. "I haven't any gun and there isn't any time to write brother Ben to send one up!"

"But you won't need one, dear. You take a club with you. You track a rabbit into a hollow log and stand by with your club raised to hit him on the head as he looks out to see who you are."

Which information went to show that, providing there were enough rabbits and clubs and hollow logs and girls in the country, the ship-

ments of dead bunnies to the city market would average five carloads per day.

"Are they willing to be killed?" asked Miss Ida, as she thought of the terrible slaughter.

"I believe they are."

"And they won't fight back?"

"Never!"

Half an hour later the short-skirted and old-hatted young huntress, who had been provided with a stout club by the hired man, started out on the trail. That is, she started out on a hundred trails, but after a time struck a single one and followed it across the fields and into a bit of woods. The rabbit had had his circus and was bound for his home in a hollow log. Yes, the trail led directly to a log with a cavity in the end, and now it was business.

Miss Ida walked on tiptoes. She breathed hard. She almost bit her tongue. She gripped her club 'til her fingers ached.

Straight into that hollow led the trail. She was sure of her quarry. That rabbit could no more escape her than the steel trust can escape Uncle Sam. He would hear and smell her. He would peek out and—smash!

The girl found her knees trembling and her breath coming in gasps, and she turned and ran for the highway. It was too much for her. She felt that she must have help. The hunter that slights his first deer has the same panicky feeling.

Mr. Brisbane Childs was being

ENDED THE SPELLING LESSON

Bobby's Education, Under Aunt's Tutelage, Afterward Proceeded Under Different Lines.

Miss Thompson, whose form nature has endowed with all too ample curves, was giving her little nephew a lesson in spelling the other day. He had spelt b-a, b-e, and h-e, b-e, and now she was trying to get him to tell her what m-e spell.

"Listen, Bobby," she said earnestly. Then closing her lips she pronounced the sound of a long m, and opening them, the sound of a long e.

"What does that spell?"

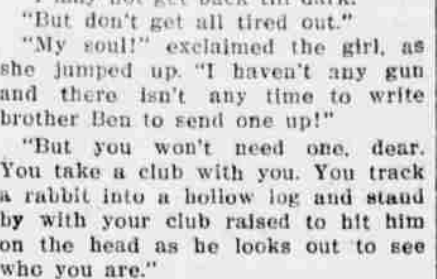
Bobby looked at her and shook his head. Again she tried, and this time, while pronouncing the sounds, she vigorously tapped her own round chest with her plump forefinger.

"Mum, ee. What letters am I saying and what do they spell?"

"Listen, still vigorously tapping her chest."

"I don't know what the letters are," replied Bobby, watching the plump forefinger, "but I guess they spell Fat."

OF COURSE.



Mr. Stockton Bonds—Noah was a wonderful financier.

Mr. Dustin Stax—How so?

Mr. Stockton Bonds—He donated a stock company when everybody else was forced into involuntary liquidation.

BABY'S HAIR ALL CAME OUT

"When my first baby was six months old he broke out on his head with little bumps. They would dry up and leave a scale. Then it would break out again and it spread all over his head. All the hair came out and his head was scaly all over. Then his face broke out all over in red bumps and it kept spreading until it was on his hands and arms. I bought several boxes of ointment, gave him blood medicine, and had two doctors to treat him, but he got worse all the time. He had it about six months when a friend told me about Cuticura. I sent and got a bottle of Cuticura Resolvent, a cake of Cuticura Soap and a box of Cuticura Ointment. In three days after using them he began to improve. He began to take long naps and to stop scratching his head. After taking two bottles of Resolvent, two boxes of Ointment and three cakes of Soap he was sound and well, and never had any breaking out of any kind. His hair came out in little curls all over his head. I don't think anything else would have cured him except Cuticura."

"I have bought Cuticura Ointment and Cuticura Soap several times since to use for cuts and sores and have never known them to fail to cure what I put them on. Cuticura Soap is the best that I have ever used for toilet purposes." (Signed) Mrs. E. Harmon, R. F. D. 2, Atoka, Tenn., Sept. 10, 1910. Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold everywhere, a sample of each, with 32-page book, will be mailed free on application to "Cuticura," Dept. L, Boston.

If a Woman Had Done It.

Trust the suffragettes to make capital out of the merest indiscretion of mere man! The following is an example, taken from one of their publications, the Newsletter, for January:

"A lovely little press item floating up from Chatham Courthouse, Va., made the editor laugh and laugh. It said that a juror sneaked out of the jury room while the rest of the jurors were asleep, and went and milked his cow. He laid out to get back before the others waked up, but somebody saw him and told on him. If a woman juror should do that out in Washington or Idaho, wouldn't it be a proof of the incapacity of the sex for the duties of citizenship?"

And He Was the Man.

Benham—My new dress is a poem.

Benham—The man who has to pay for it loses his love for literature.

The Meanest Man.

Knicker—Why has Smith set up a windmill?

Bocker—To drift the snow off his walk onto his neighbor's.

A good conscience makes an easy couch.—Jackson Gray.

A Poor Weak Woman

As she is termed, will endure bravely and patiently agonies which a strong man would give way under. The fact is women are more patient than they ought to be under such troubles.

Every woman ought to know that she may obtain the most experienced medical advice free of charge and in absolute confidence and privacy by writing to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, R. V. Pierce, M. D., President, Buffalo, N. Y. Dr. Pierce has been chief consulting physician of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y., for many years and has had a wider practical experience in the treatment of women's diseases than any other physician in this country. His medicines are world-famous for their astonishing efficacy.

The most perfect remedy ever devised for weak and delicate women is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. IT MAKES WEAK WOMEN STRONG, SICK WOMEN WELL.

The many and varied symptoms of women's peculiar ailments are fully set forth in Plain English in the People's Medical Adviser (1008 pages), a newly revised and up-to-date Edition of which, cloth-bound, will be mailed free on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps to pay cost of mailing only. Address as above.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 1/2c package colors all fibers. They dye in cold water better than any other dye. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. Write for free booklet—How to Dye, Bleach and Mix Colors. MONROE DRUG COMPANY, Quincy, Ill.

THESE SIX LETTERS

From New England Women

Prove that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Does Restore the Health of Ailing Women.

Boston, Mass.—"I was passing through the Change of Life and suffered from hemorrhages (sometimes lasting for weeks), and could get nothing to check them. I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound (tablet form) on Tuesday, and the following Saturday morning the hemorrhages stopped. I have taken them regularly ever since and am steadily gaining."

"I certainly think that every one who is troubled as I was should give your Compound Tablets a faithful trial, and they will find relief."—Mrs. GEORGE JURY, 803 Fifth Street, South Boston, Mass.

Letter from Mrs. Julia King, Phoenix, R.I.

Phoenix, R.I.—"I worked steady in the mill from the time I was 12 years old until I had been married a year, and I think that caused my bad feelings. I had soreness in my side near my left hip that went around to my back, and sometimes I would have to lie in bed for two or three days. I was not able to do my housework."

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has helped me wonderfully in every way. You may use my letter for the good of others. I am only too glad to do anything within my power to recommend your medicine."—Mrs. JULIA KING, Box 282, Phoenix, R.I.

Letter from Mrs. Etta Donovan, Willimantic, Conn.

Willimantic, Conn.—"For five years I suffered untold agony from female troubles causing backache, irregularities, dizziness, and nervous prostration. It was impossible for me to walk up stairs without stopping on the way. I was all run down in every way."

"I tried three doctors and each told me something different. I received no benefit from any of them but seemed to suffer more. The last doctor said it was no use for me to take anything as nothing would restore me to health again. So I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to see what it would do, and by taking seven bottles of the Compound and other treatment you advised, I am restored to my natural health."—Mrs. ETTA DONOVAN, 702 Main Street, Willimantic, Conn.

Letter from Mrs. Winfield Dana, Augusta, Me.

Augusta, Me.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has cured the backache, headache, and the bad pain I had in my right side, and I am perfectly well."—Mrs. WINFIELD DANA, R.F.D. No. 2, Augusta, Me.

Letter from Mrs. J. A. Thompson, Newport, Vt.

Newport, Vt.—"I thank you for the great benefit Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done me. I took eight bottles and it did wonders for me, as I was a nervous wreck when I began taking it. I shall always speak a good word for it to my friends."—Mrs. JOHN A. THOMPSON, Box 3, Newport Center, Vermont.

Letter from Miss Grace Dodds, Bethlehem, N.H.

Bethlehem, N.H.—"By working very hard, sweeping carpets, washing, ironing, lifting heavy baskets of clothes, etc., I got all run down. I was sick in bed every month."

"This last Spring my mother got Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for me, and already I feel like another girl. I am regular and do not have the pains that I did, and do not have to go to bed. I will tell all my friends what the Compound is doing for me."—Miss GRACE B. DODDS, Box 133, Bethlehem, N.H.

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No one sick with woman's ailments does justice to herself who will not try this famous medicine, made from roots and herbs, it has restored so many suffering women to health.

Write to LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO., (CONVENTVILLE) LYNN, MASS., for a free booklet. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

Rheumatic Pains quickly relieved

Sloan's Liniment is good for pain of any sort. It penetrates, without rubbing, through the muscular tissue right to the bone—relieves the congestion and gives permanent as well as temporary relief.

Here's Proof.

A. W. LAY of Lafayette, Ala., writes:—"I had rheumatism for five years. I tried doctors and several different remedies, but they did not help me. I obtained a bottle of Sloan's Liniment which did me so much good that I would not do without it for anything."

THOMAS L. RICE of Easton, Pa., writes:—"I have used Sloan's Liniment and find it first-class for rheumatic pains."

Mr. G. G. JONES of Baldwin, L.I., writes:—"I have found Sloan's Liniment par excellence. I have used it for broken sinews above the knee cap caused by a fall, and to my great satisfaction I was able to resume my duties in less than three weeks after the accident."

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

is an excellent remedy for sprains, bruises, sore throat, asthma. No rubbing necessary—you can apply with a brush.

At all dealers. Price, 25c., 50c. & \$1.00.

Sloan's Book on Horses, Cattle, and Poultry sent free. Address Dr. EARL S. SLOAN, BOSTON, MASS.

Trifle Wobbly.

"I am going to blow out my brains," said he.

"Well," she said after a moment's reflection, "perhaps they'll stand a little inflation. Horace. They've always struck me as being a trifle wobbly."—Harper's Weekly.

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS

Your Druggist will refund money if 14 DAYS' treatment fails to cure any case of PILES, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

We are here on earth to learn to give and not to grasp. We gain most by giving most.—John H. Denison.

THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

Quickly relieves sore, inflamed eyes. Sold everywhere. JOHN L. THOMPSON & CO., Troy, N. Y.

Brown's Bronchial Troches

Relieves Throat Troubles and Coughs. No opiates. Sample free. JOHN L. BROWN & SONS, Boston, Mass.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Clears and beautifies the scalp. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Keeps the hair from falling out. Cures itching humors. Cures scalp dandruff and itching. 25c. and 50c. bottles.

44 Bu. to the Acre

is a heavy yield, but that's what John Kennedy of Edmonton, Alberta, Western Canada, got from 44 bu. of wheat in 1910. Report from other districts in that province shows other crops—barley, oats, etc.—all yielding well. Free homesteads of 160 acres, and adjoining parcels of 40, 80, 160, 320, 640, 1280, 2560, 5120, 10240, 20480, 40960, 81920, 163840, 327680, 655360, 1310720, 2621440, 5242880, 10485760, 20971520, 41943040, 83886080, 167772160, 335544320, 671088640, 1342177280, 2684354560, 5368709120, 10737418240, 21474836480, 42949672960, 85899345920, 171798691840, 343597383680, 687194767360, 1374389534720, 2748779069440, 5497558138880, 10995116277760, 21990232555520, 43980465111040, 87960930222080, 175921860444160, 351843720888320, 703687441776640, 1407374883553280, 2814749767106560, 5629499534213120, 11258999068426240, 22517998136852480, 45035996273704960, 90071992547409920, 180143985094819840, 360287970189639680, 720575940379279360, 1441151880758558720, 2882303761517117440, 5764607523034234880, 11529215046068469760, 23058430092136939520, 46116860184273879040, 92233720368547758080, 184467440737095516160, 368934881474191032320, 737869762948382064640, 1475739525896764129280, 2951479051793528258560, 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